

May 1, 1875.



Once upon a time there was a prosperous farmer, named Giles. He owned a thousand acres of well-cultivated land, and grew very rich from the result of his toil.

His next neighbor was a new settler in those parts, his name was Peter Pippin, and he owned only a hundred acres and was very poor.

But the children worked in the fields much harder than the paid servants of neighbor Giles, and Peter said it was springtime then, that if he only had a good harvest, he would buy more land, and would soon have money, too.

And little Peter, who was the youngest of seven, and named after his father, because his brothers had used up all the names of their well-to-do relatives and friends, wondered why he couldn't help, but his father said he was too young to do anything, except carry their dinners to the fields, and that was helping a little; so he had to be contented with the hope that he could do better when he grew older.

But Peter did a great deal more than any of them.

One day, when he was carrying the dinner as usual, he nearly fell over a great stone, and then sat down to rest awhile.

No sooner was he seated, than he heard a voice, which seemed to come from underneath the stone—a muffled little voice like the chirrup of a bird—only the birds don't sing in words we understand, while this tiny voice said very distinctly:

"Get up, and let me see you."

Peter did as he was told, and tried to move the stone, but it was very heavy, and he could not succeed in drawing it a little way. He had moved it sufficiently, however, and there came from under it such a tiny little man no bigger than a single ear of corn. He was dressed all in golden cloth, which glittered in the sun.

"What a squeezing you gave me, sitting there," said the little fellow, good-naturedly.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," began Peter.

"That's something," said the little man, and he took out of his pocket the tiniest black cap you ever saw—no larger than a single grain of wheat, and deliberately put it on.

"There," he said, triumphantly, "I've got my invisible cap on, and you can't see me."

"Yes, I can," said Peter, who wouldn't tell a story to please anybody.

"You can, can you?" shouted the little fellow; "then you're all right." And he rolled about the grass so faintly, that Peter couldn't help laughing quite loudly.

"I tell you what," said the sprite, knowingly, "you're the seventh son of a seventh son, and I'll take care of you." Then he rolled himself under the stone again, and disappeared from view.

Peter rubbed his eyes and waited, then as his little friend didn't come again, he took up his basket and continued on his way.

When he returned with the empty basket, the little man was there again sitting on the great stone waiting for him.

"What a long time you keep a fellow waiting," said he, quite snappishly.

"Indeed, didn't know," began Peter, in a fright.

"I know you didn't—it's my way—give me some dinner."

"Indeed I haven't any."

"You're a crumb!" said the little man. "Dear me, and I'm so hungry!"

"I'll go home and fetch you some," said Peter.

"Perhaps there's some crumbs in the basket," said the manikin.

There were a few, and Peter spread them on the stone, and apologized for the poverty of the fare.



VOL. V. PITTSBURGH, MAY, 1875. No. 5.

(We request the careful attention of the readers of the MONTHLY to Announcement on the fourth page.)

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

ON THE TRAIL OF THE SCARLET SEVEN.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem," "Silver Wings," "The Indian's Revenge," etc., etc., etc., etc.

(This serial was commenced in No. 4, Vol. 5, No. 4, and is continued from all serials throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH.

"Was it urgent, but God is just, and finally triumphs."—Longfellow.

"Men die! I might have known it long ago!"—Longfellow.

"Time works, for the reader will doubtless recollect, fell from M. Dumas' lips, when he discovered the true identity of the hidden truth. How well he kept his secret you know, M. Dumas."

"I am sure our commandant knows it not, and he has held many talks with Congar Dick and your father," said the Frenchman, smiling at the conclusion of the sentence.

"Dead? No," cried Kate, turning to the prosaic man.

"We must do all we can for him, the wound may not be mortal. Come, to the couch—my bed—"

The soldier obeyed the girl, and the wounded man was placed on the couch of soft skins.

He was not dead, but his eyes were closed, and the lethargy into which he had fallen promised an end to death, which he had been placed upon the couch, Kate rose and looked at the man.

"M. Dumas, you have not denied that you struck him?" she said, half interrogatively.

"I did strike him," he answered; "the blow was on his left side, and he spoke with a tinge of triumph—"

"revenge—in his tone. Perhaps he thought of the quarrel in the fort, which was still fresh in his mind, and the parting threat still rang in his ears."

The man he had stabbed had sworn to take his life, and he was ready to justify his act by the plea of self-defense.

"When the darkness is your crime," replied the girl. "You have slain an innocent man. Go! with all the weight of sin upon your guilty soul, and if you have a conscience, may it lash you over the rugged rocks of remorse. Go!"

With quivering finger the impassioned girl pointed to the open door, and the Frenchman slowly retreated.

"Do not think that all ends here," he said, solemnly. "Catherine Seymour, I am not going to give you up. He is beyond reach of surgery now, and he glances with an unmistakable expression of triumph at the painted renegade."

"Long before a surgeon could reach him from the fort, the waters of death will have laved his feet. I go but to return. Ben vive, me chere."

His foot was on the threshold, and he was turning to leave the cabin, when a groan from the couch startled him. Kate sprang to her father, who was trying to rise, and the Frenchman retreated no further.

"Kate, Kate, you know it at last," the Frenchman said, faintly, when he felt her hand on his forehead.

"Yes, yes, my curiosity discovered the secret. I found the chest, and God forgive me, I read the pages."

"The paper about yourself?"

"No; that one which told me that you were Congar Dick."

For a moment he was silent. He did not see the motionless figure near the door; he was looking into Kate's eyes, smiling with tears.

"I cannot tell me all, because I cannot call my own," he said. "Is he here?"

"If you ask for M. Dumas, he is here, replied the girl; and the woman came forward, with his hand on the hilt of his knife.

"Yes, I am here," he said, with a smothered defiance in his voice. "What do you want with me?"

"The eyes of Daniel Seymour looked from beneath the stained lids at the soldier, whom he recognized."

"I asked for you," he said; and then he spoke to Kate. "Woe! No, do not drink, but to wash my face. I am going to die in my true name."

The girl rose and hesitated. There was a gleam in the Frenchman's eyes, more than the spring close to the little stream already mentioned in this narrative.

"Go," said the renegade. "He will not touch me, for already he has struck me to the death."

At this, the girl left the house with a pall, and the assassin and his victim were alone.

Seymour, looking more like himself than Congar Dick, despite the paint that covered his face, and brawny arms, reclined on his elbow on the low cot, and looked into M. Dumas' eyes.

Stare and counter stare lasted for several moments without a word.

"Where is my child?" asked the renegade, at length.

"I do not know. I told you in the fort that I did not, and I repeat my words again."

"M. Dumas, I did not ask you for a lie. Tell me the truth. I am dying. I could not strike you—I am too weak. The hand that choked you to-night could not throttle a babe. Tell me what you saw done with Leono—my red child."

Without reply, M. Dumas rose and went to the door. The brilliant moon was shining on the clearing, and he saw Kate at the spring with the bucket. She was the only person in sight.

Then he returned, and with folded arms looked down upon his victim.

"I will tell the truth," he said. "Leono is dead. I threw her into the river. She was not your child."

"But I loved her. I found her long ago—she was clinging to the breast of a dead mother. Ever since she has been mine. Look! there is Kate!"

Instinctively M. Dumas turned, and that moment, with a cry resembling the cougar's note of rage, Red Dan rose from the cot and fell upon him.

"A life for a life!" he hissed, pushing the soldier to the wall. "You shall cross the river with the man you have slain!"

M. Dumas struggled, surprised at the strength of the man whose he believed was about to die—and found his knife wrenched from his grasp. But he prevented the renegade from using the blade, by his constant struggles, and before the wall was reached the fœmen went to the floor together.

Once the outlaw struck his foe, but the latter, snatched up a knife, and the collar bone, and the knife was rendered useless.

M. Dumas uttered a cry of pain when the wound on his left side, the most momentous he found, closed fingers on his throat. Tighter and tighter the grip became, and he saw that Seymour was already dying.

That was the horrible synonym of death, and the Frenchman's struggles grew less marked.

Where was Kate?

The soldier thought of the girl whom he had seen retreating from the spring. Why did she not come?

All at once a dark figure crossed the courtyard, and a bound, and a wild cry filled the house.

It roused the outlaw chief, and, quickly releasing the soldier's throat, he staggered to his feet.

For a moment he gazed at the new comer, and then, with a loud cry, rushed and dropped on the couch like a dead man.

The Frenchman's cry—a cry of horror—followed the renegade's fall, and he stood in the middle of the room staring at the person who had entered.

It was not Kate. It was the ghost of the Delawar girl on earth.

A moment's stare, and the Frenchman darted past the intruder, who was some other than Leono.

A single word, and he cleared the house—flying, as he confidently believed, from a specter. Out into the moonlight and across the clearing, at such pace the Frenchman's heels were heard.

The girl did not attempt to arrest his flight until she gazed for a moment on the man who had fallen on the cot—the Frenchman still believed was Congar Dick, her father.

So still he lay she thought him dead, and all at once, spurred by the fierce impulse of revenge, she darted to the door. There was a rifle in her hands, and the Frenchman was a black object on the edge of the clearing—fleeing still.

She looked a second, and the gun struck her shoulder.

The next instant a sharp report cleft the air, and the living target was seen to fall to the ground.

A muffled cry passed over the marble floor of the beautiful slayer.

"He led to Leono," she murmured. "The Frenchman's hand will be proved true, his tongue was forked."

She was turning into the cabin, satisfied with her shot, when four figures suddenly came in sight.

They were approaching the house quite rapidly, and some was reloading the rifle, when a woman's voice fell upon her ears.

"We are friends, Leono, I am here!"

"The Frenchman," said the Indian girl, joyously. "She has sheltered Leono's father."

Then the two girls met, and Leono saw Kate's companion—two British officers and a giant Indian.

The renegade's white prototype lay the way into the cabin, and a cry of astonishment from Seymour's lips.

"Mortel! I wanted to see you," he said, looking at his old enemy. "Will you listen to a dying man?"

"I will listen," was the reply. "Go on."

"No, I can't," and the renegade fell back gasping. "I—"

But the moon was in splendor, and the birds have the hearts to sing their mating.

More than one is frightened by the dark object on the ground at the edge of the clearing.

It is the body of a man stretched upon the flowers, and the pale face, turned heavenward, is Leono's Dumas!

It is a gory face, and the blood is dotted and cold over the eyes.

His hand clasp several summer flowers, evidently placed there after his death.

And the morning dawn!

In the cabin live the Thunderbolt of the forest, powerless to strike his bitter enemy. In the clearing, among the flowers covered with dew, sleep the soldier and Frenchman—the man whose passion wrought his ruin.

Not many miles away the bohemian's voice, thick with wine and rum, stirs the air that quivers the lilies of the kingdom over the sea.

And a handsome soldier goes about the fort inquiring for two persons, Richard in Congar, and Lieutenant Leono Dumas.

It is M. Contrecoeur, the commandant. He will find them in time!

"Catherine Perry, will you listen to the confession of my heart?"

The speaker was a young soldier well known to the renegade, and the beautiful girl he addressed was one whom he has known as Kate Seymour.

But why this change of name? Why does she turn to him and blushing, acknowledge the name he has just spoken?

Reader, the papers that fill the out-law's chest have been read, and the party who left him dead in his own cabin, are introduced by the British guns of Fort Cumberland!

Safely through the forest Christopher Gist has guided them, and he has listened to the revelations of the papers.

More than one secret the writing revealed. It told the heroine of our romance that Perry Gist, on the banks of the Tennessee, mourned for his beloved, missing for years of mystery and sorrow; it told her how, after his quarrel with Sir Martel Kennett in his own army, as told in our progress, Lewis Morton stole the Perry child, and bore her to America; it told that he was in the wrong that stormy night when he met Sir Martel and took the oath which he had not been permitted to keep; it told how he had successfully played the role of Congar Dick, and how he had kept the secret of his identity!

But what does the girl answer to the soldier's words:

"Greville, I have heard your heart's confession before this night," she says. "God brought us together that our hearts might be welded, and prove our undying devotion."

Then he draws her to his heart, and as he kisses her, whispers the tender words: "Forever, Kate, forever!"

"Yes, forever," says a rough voice that causes the lovers to start. "I'm glad I've lived to see this hour."

The speaker is Christopher Gist, and his great hands are put forth for an honest grasp of congratulation.

I hasten to the end of our forest romance.

Looking back, I will say that the globe met with no difficulty in receiving Martel Kennett and his son, as Legation was entirely deserted, and the guards easily overcome. His Indian disguise assisted him in the undertaking, and he reached the vicinity of the renegade's cabin in time to find Kate at the spring.

These fugitives passed until Leono's rifle spoke the Frenchman's doom, when they entered the house, as the reader already knows.

After a brief sojourn at Fort Cumberland, the party of escape, with the exception of the giant guide, set out for the eastern point of the English army.

Already Leono had told the story of her escape from the river.

While Dumas, the soldier, was flying from the scene of his crime, Sir Martel and his son, as Legation was entirely deserted, and the guards easily overcome. His Indian disguise assisted him in the undertaking, and he reached the vicinity of the renegade's cabin in time to find Kate at the spring.

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[May 1, 1979]

**SHOT GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, REVOLVERS**

One lovely morning in summer, a Irish Rose opened her fragrant

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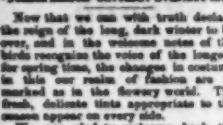
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And Men who have other business, want  
as agents. Novel plans, unusual work, new









Long mounds of pale gray ground  
worn by ladies just returned from a  
trip to the Gulf, turned about

Ellen, Agnes, and Dora, all pretty girls, bookends. They are accomplished, and possess of high.

Verena said, a pretty girl of seventeen at beauty at twenty. She is a natural happiness in the society of a husband.

Eliza would seem to be like to be a like mother in first-class society, and her year. She is eighteen, tall, and striking.

Sam and Violet would like to overcome the left gentleman. They are pretty, a

And, oh, ye single men, who  
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think, you selfish brutes, of the  
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room for two, could be obtained to verify the party home. Here, then, the dilemma—which young lady should select as his cab companion? The choice was a matter of some difficulty, but, after much deliberation, the matter was left to the young man to decide. The old lady acquiesced, however, to her satisfaction, if only because of the annoyance of her new miserable cabman. "Hortense and Sophie go in this cab. Monique and I will go in the other."

FONZECAR:—"There is a young gent in this city whom I have fallen in love. He waits on another young lady, and attention is the whalerer, excepting meet him. Please tell me how to win him for I cannot live without him." The warden at your being to ask him to put over your initials at the end of each letter you do find some showing such a letter or rather in expressing something foolish and unadvised like you must at once root out of your

And Rustin—Give the other truckloads of food to the poor people who are hungry and it will serve him right if he goes away and leaves the money. He is too foolish to have it. O. F.—We have already your letter three weeks ago. You really overlooked it. EDITH—You think I will be to have nothing more to do with you. I am not a young girl. I am evidently done out on my mind. He is really worthy of me. WIFE—My mixing your words with yours is a mistake. I am not a young girl. You can impart any degree of wisdom to a husband's colors, cuffs, etc., as he may like. A. ZIMMER (Baron Sore)—You are

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## 184 E. L. G.

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Unisex—No style of dress is better suited for all kinds of material or more comfortable and convenient than the French jacket. It allows perfect freedom to the little one and will wear much longer than if tight fitting, even when made white, or with good white or black material. It serves nicely for a spring or the second season. Requires of thirty-nine inch material one and a half yards, the first year. Nine from one to five years. Patterns, with cloth model, at cents.

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**Mannequish**... We give this design as one of the most satisfactory patterns for children's or girl wraps. It is also a convenient garment for those traveling or rambling about.

**Requires**, of course, one and one-half yards. Pat-

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...in love and marriage  
...learned that he had  
...children.) I determined to  
...to some one else, who  
...y did; and after four days  
...received a curt note, a

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mind, but no man, by lifting his head  
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HUMAN glory is not always glorious.  
The best men have had their humiliations,  
the worst their pangriffs.

grow up. A baby is spring day in winter—a ray of sunshine in frigid winter—and if it is healthy and good-natured, and it's yours, it is a bundle of sunshine no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot be a hygienic case as long as he forces babies one at a time. We love babies because they are babies, and because their mothers were lovable and lovely women. Our love for babies is bounded by the number of babies in the world. Babies are babies, and nothing can take their place.

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